THE SENTINEL

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

YAZOO CITY, - MISSISSIPPI

The persecution of the Jews in Russia will largely increase the Hebrew population of the United States, predicts the New York Recorder. One thousand families are about to settle on a tract of 80,000 acres of land in Caldwell County, North Carolina, which has just been purchased for the colony. The settlement is to be managed on the plan of Vineland, and it is said that the exiles are all well-to-do farmers, who will bring to their new home habits of enterprising industry.

The New York man who succeeded in moving a railroad car weighing 35,000 pounds is certainly worthy, admits the San Francisco Chronicle, of the title of "the modern Ajax." Of course there is much in the knowledge of how to utilize one's strength in such a feat, but the fact that eight men failed to do what he accomplished proves that he is a fellow who should have lived in mediæval times, when physical prowess was the stepping-stone to wealth and honor. Nowadays it means nothing more than a precarious living as a dime museum freak.

The vivid and stupendous process in modern iron working, with their remarkable capabilities of representation on canvas, have been availed of, it appears, in a most attractive manner by a German artist, Adolf Menzel. In a great picture, the "Cyclop's Workshop," there is represented the interior of a large iron foundry, with its giant steam hammer, its blast and puddling furnaces, and its huge cylinders, that roll out glowing masses of iron of vast weight as if they were but soft paste. One of these glowing masses forms the center around which the interest of Menzel's picture moves. It has passed through the first rollers and is being taken up with great tongs by the foremost workmen in order to be passed on to the second, a proceeding that involves a prodigious exertion of strength. Other workmen are employed in different processes—some directing the machinery, one in the foreground wheeling away a newly forged cylinder on a barrow, others are undergoing a very necessary process of purification and shirt changing, while others again are seen in a group in the background, already beginning their midday meal; and in the background of all is dimly visible the iron and steam monster that supplies the motive force for all this wonderful work.

The small town of Mount Ebal, in Indiana, has been suffering from a remarkable epidemic. Three strange women, credited with hypnotic powers, are said to have placed the whole community under control. For several weeks the village church was the scene of wild, dervish-like dances, from which the victims passed into deep trances of many hours' duration. An authentic account describes these trances as resembling death, with the motion of the heart so faint as to be almost imperceptible. The strangers, aged respectively sixty, twenty-five and eighteen, are the possessors of undoubted hypnotic powers. The trance phenomena, with the accompanying arrest of circulation and respiration, are the common characteristics of catalepsy. The methods of the hypnotizers included the singing of hymns and religious exhortation, and the people regarded their tricks as miracles. The spread of the craze is said to have been alarming, and distinct injury was wrought to the mind and body of susceptible subjects. This case, asserts the New York Tribune, would come under the head of the "pernicious demonstrations" punishable in countries like Belgium with heavy penalties. It would be curious if the Mount Ebal case should lead to an agitation in Indiana against promiscuous mesmerizing.

Farms in Sweden.

Small farms are the rule in Sweden, and the Swedish peasant usually owns the soil he tills. Over two-thirds of the farms are between five and fifty acres in extent, and more than twenty-three per cent. are little homesteads of less than five acres. Oats is the great staple crop, and is largely exported, rye and barley being chiefly used for home consumption, especially rye. Young pigs are sold for high prices in England, and sides of American pork bought at cheap rates. Rye ripens up to sixty-nine degrees north latitude, and barely and oats up to seventy degrees, or on a parallel above the mouth of Hudson Bay.—[American Agriculturist.

WHEN ROSES BLOOM.

O when the roses bloom and waft
Delicious odors through the air,
I'll gather them—the white, the red—
And bring them to my ladye fair.
Sweet roses, all your fragrance lend
When suing at her feet I bend!

White speaks her purity; and red
Denotes the surging glowing tid
Of fervid love that thrills my veins
Whene'er I seek my ladye's side.
O lend to love your beauty bright,
Sweet roses red and roses white!

White is for constancy; and red,
The crown of love's delicious flower
I'll take the red rose and the white
To deck my beauteous ladye's bower.
O flowers of snow and flowers of fire
Breathe to her all my heart's desire!

—[Edith M. Norris, in Detroit Free Press.

"A FIDDLE."

Uncle Si's puritanical notions took instant alarm at the very mention of that wicked instrument, that (to him) veritable backbone of Satan, strung with every sin in the calendar, attuned to all the bad impulses of youthful natures.

Aunt Priscilla seemed about to say something, as her gaze wandered from the disappointed face of their only nephew to the stern, not to say hard one, of her husband, but, on reflection, desisted, the gleam in her eye, however, bespeaking a merry thought, possibly a thought of by-gone days.

"But, Uncle Si," said the delicate Abner, "the blind boy does fairly make the thing talk, and talk good, too. Why I almost cried when he played 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

"Auld Lang Syne!" repeated his uncle, the stern face relaxing somewhat, "on a fiddle? Why, I never knowed you could play on that instrument anythin' 'cept 'money-musk,' and jigs and hornpipes, and sich. Be'nt you slightly mistaken, Abner?"

Abner suppressed a smile, as he met the sharp gaze of his uncle.

"No, sir, I'm not," he answered; "and he plays ever so many tunes, too, the 'Doxology,' and—"

The Doxology on a fiddle! That was too much for the unbelieving old man.

"That's wickeder than all the rest," he interrupted. "Hed you stopped at 'Auld Lang Syne,' I might hev give in and bought the fiddle for ye, but"—and the speaker's face settled into so stern an expression, that Abner knew further argument to be useless.

"'And they played on a harp of a thousand strings,'" quoted Aunt Priscilla, "'and they rejoiced with the trumpet, and brazen instruments,' and no doubt with various stringed ones beside."

"But not on a fiddle," stoutly maintained her husband, picking up his hat, "that's the devil's own instrument," and out he went to close the argument.

"I don't see," testily said Abner, "why Uncle Si has such an antipathy to a violin. Its ignorance, and nothing else, Aunt, which makes some old people so intolerant of modern advancement, in the sciences, and — and — everything."

"It's not exactly ignorance that causes your Uncle's dislike of the fiddle," returned his Aunt Priscilla, with a demure smile. "He never liked one since—since he caught me dancing a contra dance once, with—with—"

"Oh," interrupted Abner, "did you ever dance, Aunt?"

"Yes, and your uncle was very jealous of my partner," and a faint pink flush dyed Aunt Priscilla's wrinkles.

"Oh," cried Abner again. "How funny!" picturing, as he spoke, the bent form of his aunt, capering up and down the long line of dancers, and Uncle Si, leaning upon his stout stick, glowering from under his shaggy gray brows upon his rival.

That "how funny," touched the old lady somewhat, until, divining how the youth's thoughts were tending, she arose, unlocked a drawer in the old-fashioned side-board, and, among the many daguerreotypes therein, selected two, which she laid before the smiling Abner.

"Your Uncle Si was a well-favored lad," said she primly, "as you will see, and—and in those days, I was looked upon as a right bonny lass, too," with which words, and a faint sigh, Aunt Priscilla turned and left the room.

The next day found her and Abner in close consultation. She loved the lad and deeply sympathized with his taste for music.

"We must use strategy," said she. "Arguments are of no avail against the deep seated prejudice of your uncle."

That evening the Farmer's Journal had been thoroughly scanned, even to the last advertisement, and the old man sat half dozing in his chintz-covered arm chair, the old lady opposite, placidly knitting, and near by Abner seemingly intent upon squaring the circle.

Faintly upon the evening stillness broke a note or two of plaintive music. Abner and his aunt exchanged glances.

Like an æolian harp swept by unseen fingers of the air, came, at intervals, those low sweet strains to their listening ears.

"That's powerful sweet," murmured Uncle Si, half dreamily, "powerful sweet, I kin tell ye."

Clearer and clearer came the sounds, till presently, with almost a human voice, the instrument sobbed out the notes of "Auld Lang Syne."

Like one electrified, Uncle Si sat upright in his chair.

"We'll have a thought of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

The old man's voice rose and fell with the instrument, and when the air was done, neither of his listeners smiled as he drew forth his cotton bandanna and lustily blew a clarion note of emotion.

"That sounded somethin' like a fiddle," he said meditatively, "but," sturdily, "no fiddle could talk like that—least ways I never heard one."

His wife made no reply, for at this moment arose the air of one of Tom Moore's melodies:

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away."

Uncle Si looked queerishly at his wife, and she in turn laid down her knitting and smiled happily upon him.

"You turned 'that tune well, Si, in the old days," she said, beating time to the music with her knitting-needle; "in the old days, Si, when—," she hesitated and blushed like a girl of sixteen.

"Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still."

The old man's voice, wavering and broken, took up the words, and his faded eyes lingered on the wrinkled face before him with much the same expression they bore, when years ago they had agreed to go down the hill of life together. They were nearing the foot now, but listening to those strains they turned back, and for one fleeting moment stood at the summit again, smiling with youth, and hope, and love.

No one broke the silence after the last sweet note had died away. A heavy sigh or two from the old people, and that was all till a gentle knock was heard at the door.

Abner opened it.

A boy stood there with a half-smiling, half-beseeching expression upon his pinched little face.

Sightless, poor, yet not altogether unhappy, for clasped in his arms was that loved instrument whose voice, at the touch of the bow, rejoiced when he rejoiced, sorrowed when he sorrowed. An insensate creature whose strings, to the blind boy, seemed as vocal chords lent by some divine singer, long since crumbled into dust.

Abner led him to the chair of his uncle.

"Why do you part with the fiddle?" abruptly queried the old man, turning the instrument gingerly about in his hand, "you'll miss it right smart, I reckon."

Tears welled into the sightless eyes.

"It's like selling a brother, sir, but mother and me are going West to find some of our relatives, and we need the money to take us there."

"It's a heap to pay for a crooked piece of wood," said the close old farmer, fumbling the notes which filled his well-worn leathern wallet, "but," with a reflective gaze at the face of the blind boy, where hope and pain strove for mastery, "I reckon I'll take it," reluctantly passing as he spoke, to the lad, two ten dollar bills.

"I can already play some of the tunes you love," cried the delighted Abner, and to the old man's apparent satisfaction he did execute pretty fairly a verse of "Auld Lang Syne."

* * * *

Twelve months or more have passed, and nightly had Uncle Si listened to the familiar airs played on that "ere fiddle," as he persisted in calling the instrument. But even his untrained ears recognized that the bit of wood, cat-gut, and rosin squeaked most unmercifully under Abner's manipulation of the bow.

"The critter seems to find its new home and master not to its likin', he would say at such times, discontentedly, not soothed by the uncertain strains, "it 'pears like to be a jawin' back," and more than once had the old man repented him of his bargain.

"But," would remark Aunt Priscilla soothingly, "it enabled Josef and his mother to reach their friends, you know," to which bit of womanly reasoning Uncle Si only replied with a grunt.

Presently, however, other matters, more momentous than the purchase of a fiddle, arose to disturb the old man's mind. A bad investment of his small means, the failure of successive crops, a pinching want of money. Many were the consultations between the old folks, and at last, one day, Uncle Si journeyed to a distant town, to return with a well-filled wallet, but accompanied by a shadow which was from that day to make its home under their once independent roof; a shadow which the next year beckoned another to keep it company; a shadow that in time would develop into a monster, a monster with the grip and tenacity of death.

The homestead was mortgaged!

Diligently these days did Abner practice upon his violin; to it was given all his spare moments.

The shadow of the second mortgage was now darkening the home, when the lad began to make nightly trips to the neighboring town, a town which in the summer months was known as a "watering place."

Uncle Si grumbled not a little when immediately after supper Abner, violin in hand, trudged off during the season.

"He's playin' dancin' tunes like enough," he growled, all his prejudices against the violin returning. "Jigs and sich for the sons and daughters of Belial. I warrant he's not giving them fly-away folks up yonder any' Doxologies, or the old tunes I'm a-hankerin' after. I never would a bought that fiddle, Priscilly, had I knowed what a purpose he'd a put it to."

Aunt Priscilla shook her dear head as she gazed affectionately after the receding form of the lad.

"Abner is a good boy, Si, and he's lookin' forward to doin' his duty by us," but she made no mention, for certain reasons, of the old broken pitcher in the closet, half filled with the dimes and larger silver pieces, which the boy had already earned with that self-same fiddle.

So that evening, as usual, Abner stood, violin in hand, before the principal hotel in the village. Not without a blush, did he draw the bow across the taut strings; a blush which one might construe into an apology for any inharmonious strains.

An old gentleman, lounging upon the piazza, smiled as he listened, but presently those about him, saw that smile replaced by a look of eager, intense interest. 'Twas plain he could ill restrain his impatience till the air was done, then, with an imperious beck of his hand, he summoned Abner to him.

"That instrument, boy! Will you let me see it?"

Abner smilingly put it in his hand.

Like a woman gazing upon an inestimable jewel, did the man gloat upon the bit of turned wood, noting with rapture how the simple, classical outlines blent harmoniously with the graceful curves of the back and belly; the scroll executed with great boldness and the highest finish; the varnish of a deep orange color, brilliant, transparent, velvet-like in texture.

Almost reverently, the man drew the bow across its strings. Full, sweet and noble were the tones which the master drew from the instrument, an evenness of quality from the highest to the lowest register, as rare as it is satisfying to the ear.

Abner, like those about him, stood lost in admiration and wonder.

"'Tis Ole Bull," whispered one to another, "the great virtuoso."

* * * * *

"Hey!" exclaimed Uncle Si the next day, to a remark made by this same old gentleman. "A genuine Straddlevarius, did you say? That ere fiddle worth five thousand dollars! Du tell!" and the look with which he favored the stranger as plainly questioned his sanity as looks could have done.

"Yes," quietly said the stranger, "the violin is a genuine Stradivarius, and fully worth five thousand dollars. The date 1715, you will find here," displaying, as he spoke, the figures to the wondering farmer.

"And you'll give five thousand dollars for them ere figures, eh?" incredulously queried Uncle Si. "Well, I reckon it's a bargain," he chuckled, "fer Abner kin play most like better onto a 1891 fiddle than he could on that bit of ancient wood." and when, a while later, Abner drew his bow across a brand new violin, his uncle found no reason to alter his opinion.

"I don't see," he said critically, "but what that ten-dollar fiddle gives out jes' as good music, Abner, as that ere genuine Straddlevarius. Leastways, the Doxology sounds every bit as solemn—when the thing don't git the squeaks, that is—"

"It was a fortunate day for us, Si," his wife happily remarked, "when Abner and I overcame your prejudices against the violin. But for the Stradivarious, we should never have been able to lift those mortgages."

The old man looked quizzingly from her to Abner, a light slowly dawning upon his understanding.

"H'm, I see," he replied with a chuckle, "I see. Well, it were an ignorant prejudice, that's a fact, and—mebbe—us old folks what won't keep up with the times, deserve to have a little strategy used onto 'em now and then—eh, Presilly?"

A NEW BONE GROWS.

Remarkable Surgical Case in a Boston Hospital.

Last April Dr. E. H. Bradford, of Boston, removed a diseased thigh bone from the leg of a boy at the Children's Hospital in that city. Since that time a new bone has grown in place, and the prospects are the boy will have a sound limb to walk with before next Christmas.

The operation of sesquiotomy is not new to surgery, but the cases are extremely rare in which so large a bone has been replaced by nature. In this instance the piece cut away was about nine inches in length. The limb was laid open from the knee joint to the hip and the disease bone tissue removed. The periosteum, or skin of the bone, however, was carefully preserved, for upon it depended the success of the operation, it being a well-established fact in surgery that healthy periosteum will reproduce lost bone tissue.

The wound in the leg was kept open to prevent the flesh from healing into the place intended for the new bone. In the course of time delicate shoots, resembling coral growths, appeared upon the periosteum, and these gradually interlaced and knit together, filling the hiatus between the hip and the knee. When the new growth was sufficiently established, the lips of the wound were sewed together and the boy was discharged from the hospital as cured.

It will be some months yet before the leg will be serviceable, but there is every reason to believe that it will eventually become as sound as its mate. During the time required for the growth of the new tissue the limb was extended to its full length by an arrangement of weights and pulleys and kept in position by plaster of Paris bandages. This was to prevent shrinkage and a consequent shortening of the limb.

A similar operation was successfully performed a few years ago by Dr. George F. Shrady at the Presbyterian Hospital in this city. An entirely new bone was reproduced from the shoulder to the elbow in the arm of a man who had lost the original bone as the result of an accident.—[New York Recorder.

Electricity for Rheumatism.

Standing among the electrical devices exhibited at Washington recently an old doctor with nearly half a century of experience told of the use recently made of electricity in a case of sciatic rheumatism. He did not apply the current to cure the rheumatism, but for a very different purpose. The current was so applied that it would run along the patient's leg. That was the part affected. All previous treatment had failed to give relief. As the current coursed along it created no unpleasant sensation save in one particular spot, where it burned so that the patient screamed out. That spot the doctor guessed was the seat of all the trouble. He applied a fly blister directly over the spot. Of course the skin came off. The doctor put on another blister. The result, quickly, was a deep sore which discharged freely for a few days. There was immediate relief from the rheumatism. The sore rapidly healed. The patient left his bed and walked. No other attack has occurred.

"You see," said the doctor, "the trouble was that the sheath of the nerve had become attached to the nerve, and there was an impediment of the nerve circulation and consequent rheumatism of the whole limb. The electric current ran along the nerve until it struck the part where the sheath interfered. There it burned. The blistering started the sore and relieved the interference of the sheath with the nerve. Then the whole trouble was removed.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Swiss people are alarmed at the decadence of the watch industry.

EUROPEAN HEADSMEN.

THE SWORDSMAN OF GERMANY AND SPAIN'S STRANGLER.

Reindel's Struggle With a Man About to Die—The Glittering Broad Sword—All Over in a Minute—Cruelty in Austria.

The German executioner, Reindel, is the leader of headsmen on the continent. He is not a mere engineer of the guillotine, but strikes off with his own hand and trusty sword the head of the victim, after the fashion of hundreds of years ago. Beheading is the highest penalty for crime in Germany, and the headsman is kept fairly busy, going from one State to another on his hideous round. An execution in Germany to-day is in no essential particular different from those that we read about in English and French history, as to the common fate of political suspects.

The German criminal is handled more rudely, perhaps, than was King Charles or Lord Hastings, but in all essentials the modern German executioner's work is like the old German.

Reindel's most exciting experience was at Buckeburg, the Capital of Schaumberg-Lippe, when he decapitated the notorious murderer, Heerwart. The case aroused a great sensation at the time. Heerwart was a refined ruffian, belonging to a good family, and in the habit of running in debt. People to whom he owed large amounts developed a different habit, that of dying suddenly; whereupon their administrators would find Heerwart in possession of a receipt recently signed, for the sum supposed to be due. At last detection came and Heerwart was convicted and sentenced to death.

Reindel, who is a six-footer and a vet. an soldier, arrived at the prison, accompanied by his three sons, who always act as his assistants. The court-yard of the prison was fitted up in the usual style, every thing but the block draped in black, the block being covered with a bright scarlet cloth. Reindel never binds his victims. He depends upon his stalwart sons to hold them, and he had no reason to anticipate any resistance on the part of Heerwart, a middle-sized man, not apparently strong and whose conduct in prison had been excellent.

At the stroke of eight the prisoner was led out, locked arm in arm with a prison officer. Heerwart's eyes appeared to light on the block, and wandered from that to a table a few feet away, on which lay three broad-swords, sharp and unsheathed, for the use of the headsman. With a leap, Heerwart was at the table, and seizing one of the swords, he backed resolutely against the wall, in an attitude of defiance. Two of the sons of Reindel rushed upon him, and before he could use the weapon he was helpless in their grasp. It is hardly necessary to say that the formality of reading the death warrant was much abbreviated, and that the rest of the ceremony was brief. The three sons bore the prisoner to the block, two held him by the body, the other grasped his head. Reindel's sword was for an instant poised in the air, then down it came, and the head rolled away, severed at one stroke. While crime, of course, varies, Reindel performs about thirty executions a year.

In Austria criminals are put to death by strangling or shooting, according to the sentence of the Court. The gibbet is used at executions of the former kind, and Prof. Sterneck, as he is called, the most noted of Austrian executioners, has been detected in practices very much resembling cruelty.

A few years ago he used to put an iron gag in the mouths of prisoners, to prevent them from utterance. The practice had for a long time passed unobserved, until at length it was discovered by the slow-going German newspapers. The "Professor" excused himself upon the ground of necessity, but he did not do it again. The shooting of criminals would have been altogether substituted for strangling, but for the objection on the part of soldiers to be detailed for any such purpose. This fact, and the reluctance to use the gibbet, have tended to bring about the virtual abolition of capital punishment in Austria, except in the worst cases.

It may seem incredible, but it is true, nevertheless, that a retired executioner is living in Belarade to-day, who, as late as 1875, broke criminals on the wheel. The name of the man is Paulo Jovanovitch, and the executions took place on the grassy slopes of the ramparts of Belgrade.

The most noted execution of the time was in 1872, when two men, one a Turk and the other a Hebrew, were put to death for murdering a whole family. The Hebrew was executed first, and fifteen minutes elapsed before the executioner gave him the coupe de grace.

The Turk made a violent resistance, and had to be stunned into subjection, although the stunning was, perhaps, unintentional. This mediæval punishment was abolished about 1878, when Servia asserted complete independence. Strangling in prison is the usual capital penalty.

In Norway an expert executioner is requisite, although his services are seldom needed. August Claeson is now an old man, and has held the office twenty-four years, with occasional assistance. The laws of Norway are still harsh in terms, and were harsh in practice not many years ago. Old man Claeson can remember that at Trondhjem about twelve years ago a preacher named Jansen, convicted of murdering his child, stood in the pillory all day with his right hand cut off, and had his head cut off at sundown. Now, however, the punishment is decapitation, without the barbarous exhibition that used to precede it. The death penalty is so seldom resorted to in Sweden and Norway that it is practically obsolete.

Calleja, the Spanish executioner, who attends to the garrote in every part of the Kingdom where its use is necessary, has held office only three years. His predecessor, Robledo, was much better known. Robledo was such an expert with the garrote that the Sultan of Morocco sent him a special invitation to go to that country and give evidence of his skill. Robledo went, out of humanity as he claimed, and suggested to the despot of the Moors several novel, because civilized, ideas as to the infliction of capital punishment. It was the custom of the Moors to hack off heads with a knife. It was a tedious process, and calculated to cause pain to the subject of the experiment. Robledo succeeded in inducing the Sultan to substitute scimitars and dispense with the carving. Before the Spanish executioner left Fez the Sultan invited him to witness a grand illustration of the proficiency achieved by his men with the scimitar. Fifteen prisoners were beheaded in less than that number of minutes.

As to the garrote, public opinion, even in Spain, has long condemned the instrument as cruel, and it is only adhered to out of a Spanish reluctance for change.—[New York Press.

"Sand Augers."

One of the most curious wind phenomena is the "sand augers" which are observed on wide plains where the atmosphere is hot and dry. When the Union Pacific Railway was being constructed the workmen had frequent opportunites of witnessing the formation and progress of these "sand auger" whirlwinds. They were especially frequent in the Lodge Pole Creek Valley, through which the railway, leaving the Platte River, runs in a northerly direction.

The first indications of the near approach of one of these "augers" would be the formation here and there in the valley of little dust whirlwinds or baby cyclones. These would be whisked away by strong currents of cool air, coming from no one knew where, but all drawing across the valley toward the eastern range of hills, their places being almost instantly occupied by a fast-advancing, funnel-shaped cloud, like that observed hanging over waterspouts which are forming at sea.

From under the surface of this low-lying cloud a swaying tongue of lead-colored vapor would prolong itself toward the earth, from which, as if to meet the monster of the air, would rise a cloud of dirt and sand. This earth column would rise higher and higher, with a swift, whirling motion, becoming more compact all the while, until the blue-black vapor from above and the brown mass from below would unite and form the typical "sand auger of the plains."

The diameter of these augers seldom exceeded 15 or 20 feet at the ground, but their bulk increased with their height until they were merged into the broad surface of the thick, murky vapor of the cloud above. When this occurred, lightning flashes would sport about the upper stratum of the cloud and immense hailstones be formed in the dark point beneath. When all conditions were favorable these hailstones would be thrown, by centrifugal force, out from the revolving cloud. These hailstones were almost invariably of a flat disk shape, from three to six inches in diameter, an inch to an inch and a half thick, and made up of alternate layers of sand and ice.—[St. Louis Republic.

Evils of Ether Drinking.

We can bear out from personal observation, says the London Lancet, many the statements which are now going the round of the public press in reference to the habit of ether drinking in some part of Ulster; for, in fact, some of the paragraphs are nothing more than copies of what has been reported in years gone by. The practice came into use about the year 1841-42, and was at first a kind of reaction against the great temperance movement which had been inaugurated by Father Mathew. Ether, at the time, of the ethylic type, probably not very pure, was substituted for whisky; and the habit, commencing in or near to Drapers town and spreading over a small surrounding area, is continued up to the present day. The order of drinking, as witnessed during a visit to the district named, is singular. The ether purchased at open shops and at stores was doled out in wineglasses. The drinker first washed out his mouth with a draught of cold water, and after that, tossed off a wineglass of ether "neat," as it was said, drinking it quickly, almost at a gulp. Both men and women took part in this indulgence, and were speedily brought into a state of intoxication more or less complete. The intoxication differs from that produced by alcohol. It is more rapidly induced and more rapidly dispelled; in fact, the effect of one dose may be developed and cleared off in fifteen or twenty minutes. The delirium is sharp; the stupor, for a period, deep; and the excitement, so long as it lasts, hysterical. Of late years the use of the cheaper methylated ether has taken the place, to a considerable extent, of the ethylic variety, and some think with more injurious effects; but on this point there is no evidence strictly trustworthy.

The Mecca of Buddhism.

The holy city of the orthodox Buddhists is Lassa, or Hlassa, situated in a barren highland valley of northern Thibet, 9,500 feet above the sea. It is the wealthiest town of Central Asia. The numerous convents are crammed with the pious contributions of some sixty generations of true believers, and the Buddhist Vatican, the Dalai-lama's palace, on Mount Botala, is known to be filled with gold enough to create a financial panic if it should be melted and thrown into circulation in the form of coin. These treasures are now guarded by a strong Chinese garrison, but sixty years ago their safety was entrusted to the sacred awe inspired by the presence of the Supreme Pontiff, who is known as the Grand Lama.—[Picayune.

The Bread Fruit Tree.

The bread fruit tree is a native of the islands of the Pacific Ocean and of the Indian Archipelago and grows to a height of from forty to fifty feet. The fruit of the tree, which in shape and size resembles a muskmelon, supplies the principal part of the food of the inhabitants of these islands. It is attached to the small branches of the tree by a small, thick stalk, and hangs either singly or in clusters of two or three together. It contains a somewhat fibrous pulp, which, when ripe, becomes juicy and yellow, but has then a rotten taste. At an earlier stage, when it is gathered for use, the pulp is white and mealy, and of a consistency resembling new bread.—[Brooklyn Citizen.